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THE  
LOTUS Fidele. \*

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee !  
Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
Nothing ill come near thee !  
Quiet consummation have ;  
And renownèd be thy grave !



## Aubade. \*

HARK ! hark ! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
    And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
    On chaliced flowers that lies ;  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
    To ope their golden eyes :  
With everything that pretty bin,  
    My lady sweet, arise !  
        Arise, arise !